

It shall be moone, or starre, or what I list,
Or ere I iourney to your Fathers house:
Goe on, and fetch our horses backe againe,
Euer more croft and croft, nothing but croft.

Hort. Say as he saies, or we shall neuer goe.

Kate. Forward I pray, since we haue come so farre,
And be it moone, or sunne, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a ruff Candle,
Henceforth I vowe it shall be so for me.

Petr. I say it is the Moone.

Kate. I know it is the Moone.

Petr. Nay, thou sayest: it is the blessed Sunne.

Kate. Then God be blest, it in the blessed sun,

But sunne it is not, when you say it is not.

And the Moone changes euen as your minde:

What you will haue it nam'd, euen that it is,

And so it shall be so for Katherine.

Hort. Petruchio, goe thy waies, the field is won.

Petr. Well, forward, forward, thus the bowle should

And not vnluckily against the Bias: (run,

But soft, Company is coming here.

Enter Vincentio.

Good morrow gentle Mistris, where away?

Tell me sweete Kate, and tell me truly too,

Hast thou beheld a fresher Gentlewoman?

Such warre of white and red within her cheekes:

What stars do spangle heauen with such beautie,

As those two eyes become that heauenly face?

Faire louely Maide, once more good day to thee:

Sweete Kate embrace her for her beauties sake.

Hort. A will make the man mad to make the woman

of him.

Kate. Yong budding Virgin, faire, and fresh, & sweet,

Whether away, or whether is thy abode?

Happy the Parents of so faire a childe:

Happier the man whom fauourable stars

A lots thee for his louely bedfellow.

Petr. Why how now Kate, I hope thou art not mad,

This is a man old, wrinkle, faded, withered,

And not a Maiden, as thou saist he is.

Kate. Pardon old father my mistaking eyes,

That haue bin so bedazzled with the sunne,

That euery thing I looke on seemeth Greene:

Now I perceiue thou art a reuerent Father:

Pardon I pray thee for my mad mistaking.

Petr. Do good old grandfire, & withall make known

Which way thou trauelest, if along with vs,

We shall be ioyfull of thy companie.

Vin. Faire Sir, and you my merry Mistris,

Thar with your strange encounter much amasde me:

My name is call'd Vincentio, my dwelling Pisa,

And bound I am to Padua, there to visite

A sonne of mine, which long I haue not scene.

Petr. What is his name?

Vin. Lucenio gentle Sir.

Petr. Happily met, the happier for thy sonne:

And now by Law, as well as reuerent age,

I may intitle thee my louing Father;

The sister to my wife, this Gentlewoman,

Thy Sonne by this hath married: wonder not,

Nor be not grieued, she is of good esteeme;

Her dowrie wealthie, and of worthie birth;

Beside, so qualified, as may beseech

The Spouse of any noble Gentleman:

Let me embrace with old Vincentio.

And wander we to see thy honest sonne,

Who will of thy arrivall be full ioyous.

Vin. But is this true, or is it else your pleasure,

Like pleasant traualors to breake a left

Vpon the companie you ouertake?

Hort. I doe assure thee father so it is.

Petr. Come goe along and see the truth hereof,

For our first meriment hath made thee ialous.

Hort. Well Petruchio, this has purme in heart,

Haue to my Widdow, and if she froward,

Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be vntoward.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca, Gremio

is out before.

Biond. Softly and swiftly sir, for the Priest is ready.

Luc. I flie Biondello; but they may chaunce to neede

thee at home, therefore leaue vs.

Biond. Nay faith, he see the Church a your backe,

and then come backe to my mistris as soone as I can.

Gre. I maruaile Cambio comes not all this while.

Enter Petruchio, Kate, Vincentio, Gremio

with Attendants.

Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is Lucentios house,

My Fathers beares more toward the Market place.

Thither must I, and here I leaue you sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drinke before you go,

I thinke I shall command your welcome here;

And by all likelihood some cheere is toward.

Gre. They're busie within, you were best knocke

lower.

Pedant looks out of the window.

Ped. What's he that knockes as he would beat downe

the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucenio within sir?

Ped. He's within sir, but not to be spoken withall.

Vin. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or

two to make merie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your selfe, hee

shall neede none so long as I live.

Petr. Nay, I told you your sonne was well beloued in

Padua: doe you heare sir, to leaue friuolous circumstan-

ces, I pray you tell signior Lucenio that his Father is

come from Pisa, and is here at the doore to speake with

him.

Ped. Thou liest his Father is come from Padua, and

here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. I sir, so his mother saies, if I may beleue her.

Petr. Why how now gentleman, why this is flat kna-

uerie to take vpon you another mans name.

Peda. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleue a meanes

to cosen some bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bio. I haue scene them in the Church together, God

send 'em good shipping: but who is here? mine old Ma-

ster Vincentio: now wee are vndone and brought to no-

thing.

Vin. Come hither crackheape.

Bion. I hope I may choose Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot

me?

Biond. Forgot you, no sir: I could not forget you, for

I neuer saw you before in all my life.

Vin. What you norious villaine, didst thou neuer

see thy Mistris father, Vincentio?

Bion. What

Bion. What my old worshipfull old master? yes

marie sir see where he looks out of the window.

Vin. If so indeede. He beates Biondello.

Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe, here's a mad man will mur-

der me.

Pedant. Helpe, sonne, helpe signior Baptista.

Petr. Pree the Kate let's stand aside and see the end of

this controuersie.

Enter Pedant with seruants, Baptista, Tranio.

Tra. Sir, what are you that offer to beate my ser-

uant?

Vin. What am I sir: nay what are you sir: oh immor-

tall Goddess: oh fine villaine, a silken doubtler, a vel-

uet hose, a scarlet cloake, and a copataine hat: oh I am

vndone, I am vndone: while I plaie the good husband

at home, my sonne and my seruant spend all at the vni-

uersitie.

Tra. How now, what's the matter?

Bapt. What is the man lunaticke?

Tra. Sir, you seeme a sober ancient Gentleman by

your habit: but your words shew you a mad man: why

sir, what cernes it you, if I weare Pearle and gold: I thank

my good Father, I am able to maintaine it.

Vin. Thy father: oh villaine, he is a Saile-maker in

Bergamo.

Bapt. You mistake sir, you mistake sir, praie what do

you thinke is his name?

Vin. His name, as if I knew not his name: I haue

brought him vp euer since he was three yeeres old, and

his name is Tranio.

Ped. Awake, awake mad asse, his name is Lucentio, and

he is mine onlie sonne and heire to the Lands of me sig-

nior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio: oh he hath mured his Master; laie

hold on him I charge you in the Dukes name: oh my

sonne, my sonne: tell me thou villaine, where is my son

Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer: Carrie this mad knaue to

the laile: father Baptista, I charge you see that hee be

forth coming.

Vin. Carrie me to the laile?

Gre. Staie officer, he shall not go to prison.

Bapt. Talke not signior Gremio: I saie he shall goe to

prison.

Gre. Take heede signior Baptista, least you be con-

troued in this businesse: I dare sweare this is the right

Vincentio.

Ped. Sweare if thou dar'st.

Gre. Naie, I dare not sweare it.

Tra. Then thou wert best saie that I am not Lu-

centio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be signior Lucentio.

Bapt. Awake with the dotard, to the laile with him.

Enter Biondello, Lucentio and Bianca.

Vin. Thus strangers may be haile and abusd: oh mon-

strous villaine.

Bion. Oh we are spoild, and yonder he is, denie him,

for sweare him, or else we are all vndone.

Exit Biondello, Tranio and Pedant as fast as may be.

Luc. Pardon sweete father.

Vin. Liues my sweete sonne?

Bion. Pardon deere father.

Bapt. How hast thou offended, where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio, right sonne to the right Vin-

centio.

That haue by marria

While counterfeit fu

Gre. Here's packi

Vin. Where is th

That fac'd and braue

Bapt. Why, tell m

Bian. Cambio is

Luc. Loue wroug

Made me exchange

While he did beare

And happilie I haue

Vnto the wished ha

What Tranio did, my

Vin. He slit the v

me to the laile.

Bapt. But doe yo

daughter without as

Vin. Feare not Ba

but I will in to be reu

Bapt. And I to sou

Luc. Looke not pa

Gre. My cake is do

Out of hope of all, bu

Kate. Husband let

Petr. First kisse m

Kate. What in th

Petr. What art th

Kate. Mo sir, God

Petr. Why then l

awaie.

Kate. Nay, I will

Loue staie.

Petr. Is not this v

Better once then ueu

Actus

Enter Baptista, Vincen

Bianca, Tranio, T

The Seruin

Luc. At last, thou

And time it is when

To smile at scapes an

My faire Bianca bid n

While I with selfe fan

Brother Petruchio, fist

And thou Hortensio w

Feast with the best, an

My Banket is to close

After our great good

For now we sit to cha

Petr. Nothing bu

Bapt. Padua affor

Petr. Padua affor

Hort. For both our

Petr. Now for my l

Wid. Then neuer t

Petr. You are veri

sence:

I meane Hortensio is